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# THE CRESCENT

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MARCH, 1909

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*R. E. Switzer*

(Successor to J. E. Buckley)

## THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XX.

MARCH, 1909.

NO. 6

### **America's Conspicuous Failure.**

(Oration delivered by Haines Burgess at the State Oratorical Contest at Corvallis, Ore., March 12.)

When we survey our American Republic we are wont to assume the role of the optimist. Our hearts overflow with patriotism and pride as we recount her achievements and note her progress, and we do not hesitate to predict a wonderful development for her future. We like to think of the time when our fathers unitedly resisted England's oppression and established our government on its firm foundation. Later the principle of federation confronted us, and brave and conscientious men on each side gave their lives for its settlement.

Time has passed, changes have come and new problems present themselves for solution. Foremost among these is the government of our cities. This question is civil, not military. We need today not better equipped navies, not larger standing armies, but more efficient statesmen.

In all ages the city has been the center of learning and industry and by its record we measure the whole country. Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome; all tell the story of their respective nations. In the early infancy of our republic there was not the marked trend, as there is now of the population toward the city. Unlimited natural resources held men close to nature. But because of the transition from muscular to mechanic-

al power in agriculture because of the unparalleled growth of railways, and because of immigration our cities have grown by leaps and bounds. Only four per cent of our population was urban in 1800, but in 1900 this four per cent had increased to thirty-three per cent, and if this marvelous rate continues until 1940 America will be a nation of cities. Her city population will exceed her rural by thirty-one million souls. Then with the city possessing not only a majority of population, but also the leaders in all lines of thought and action, it is evident that on the solution of the problem of American municipal government, hinges the future greatness of the republic. The policy of the city will, in the nature of things, become the policy of the nation.

The Honorable James Bryce has said that America's one conspicuous failure is her city government. Can any thoughtful citizen deny this charge? In the great centers of population simplicity and industrial freedom have been replaced by complexity. Poverty exists close beside a barbarous luxury. The home with all it signifies has been supplanted by the hotel, the tenement, and cheap lodging house. Unsanitary conditions have increased the death rate and infectious diseases ravage the crowded quarters.

"Is it well that while we range with science, glorying in the time,

City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet.

Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread,

There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,

And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor."

Is it any wonder that under these conditions unnumbered crimes are committed and that the state of morality is low?

Hand in hand with these physical and moral conditions goes political corruption. In the management of any great city, business must be conducted on a mammoth scale. In caring for its welfare enormous sums of money must be expended. The budget of New York City shows an annual expenditure of twenty two millions for schools alone, about one half this amount for street construction, to say nothing of similar expenditures for her police and fire departments, her waterworks and wharves, making the grand total of one hundred seventy five millions. It is evident that it is extremely dangerous to entrust the handling of this great sum to men incompetent and untrustworthy. But this we have done in our cities. In the onward rush of commercialism Americans have sacrificed the public weal for private gain. With the cities increasing municipal problems we have failed to place in office men capable of grappling with these momentous questions. Seats of public trust are filled by those who never had patriotic heart throb and whose only object is to plunder the public treasury. The poor, the ignorant, the floating population, the foreign population fall an easy prey to these unscrupulous bosses. Tammany in New York, the machine in Philadelphia, the city councils of Pittsburg and St. Louis and Abe Ruef in San Francisco are striking examples of the domination of bossism and political corruption.

Are we to conclude from these conditions that there is no hope for our cities? Look at England and note the wonderful transition from the corruption of the Mediaeval towns to the stability of her modern great



cities. There were only twenty-four homicides in all London last year as compared with one hundred and twenty-four similar cases in Chicago, the great metropolis of the Middle West. Allowing for their difference in population, the chances of being murdered in cold blood are sixteen times greater in this city of free America than in the metropolis of the world. Germany, too, has solved the problem of city government. What these two countries have accomplished America is beginning to accomplish. The spirit of reform has already quickened our cities from New York to San Francisco. Galveston, Des Moines and other cities are handling the question of city government as a business proposition. In the larger cities where the apathy and irresponsibility of good men have at times seemed insurmountable, the strong hold of the demagogue is being assailed with a determination that bespeaks victory. Jacob Riis, Charles Parkhurst and President Roosevelt have educated the public conscience of New York until its citizens are demanding reform. The city of "Brotherly Love" a few years ago "corrupt and contented" has shaken off the lethargy and by the efforts of the council of seventy has overthrown bossism and shattered the power of the machine. One man made St Louis a new city. Pittsburg's corrupt council is under public condemnation and reform is assured. Look at San Francisco. Two years ago it was as clay in the hands of the political potter, Abraham Ruef. With his "gang" of followers he swayed the scepter of power throughout the whole city. Franchises or corporate licenses were issued or withheld at his bidding and he controlled the keys to the public till. But things could not always remain thus. This man and his corrupt minority perished before the undaunted efforts of two men im-

bued in civic patriotism, Claus Spreckles and Francis J. Heney.

However this is only the beginning of the solution. So long as the present electoral system prevails, so long as the honest and competent citizen is interested only in his party and national affairs, and ignores the business and political interests of the city in which he and his children must live, so long will the boss continue to flourish. When our city elections are conducted by citizens inspired with a sense of patriotism, and not by a demagogue, when city government with its issues of business ceases to be confused with national politics, when men of integrity and ability demand the adoption of business methods in municipal government, then and only then will we reach the final solution.

The cry of the hour is not for a new patriotism, but for a new expression of the old principle. We do not need men to charge up San Juan Hill, but men who will dare to force the ramparts of the city's guilt, men who are neither moved by public applause nor private interests, but by principle. We must continue with renewed vigor our warfare against this municipal corruption and demand better sanitary conditions and more business-like policies. When men of ability and integrity are thoroughly aroused the faithless minority will be routed, the greatest blot on our political history will be erased and America's Conspicuous Failure will be transformed into America's Conspicuous Success.

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### **The Brotherhood of the Empty Skull.**

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This name is applied, and is well suited, to a certain class of people whom we meet on every hand in

our daily life. In our business life, our school life, and especially in our social life, these brethren present themselves as a hindrance to the cause of right, and a great help to the wrong. Perhaps they do not directly oppose right, the majority of them do not, but if we examine their lives more closely, we will see that their influence is for the wrong.

This class of people may be compared to a large secret order, no person is too high, or none too low to be a member. Again, it is unlike a secret order in that there is no secret about it. The only requirements for admission are that a person neglect all the things that tend to lead toward a useful life, and follow the crowd.

The business world is by no means free from such people. Until we stop awhile, we do not realize how many of these persons there are who are active business men, and still belong to the B. of E. S. There are men who are at the head of large business concerns, who are looked upon by all as reliable men, who never think of the needs of the poor and uneducated people around them. They never think seriously about the needs of their town or city, and are never active in public work.

We see more of this class of people in society than anywhere else. They do not generally like to work, so they fall back on society and seek to secure the respect of the world in this way. Unless they have inherited money, as many of them have, they must necessarily live on borrowed or squandered money. The literature that these people read is not generally of the class that will build up a person's mind. It includes, of course, the newspapers, for they pride themselves in being well posted on current topics. Besides the newspapers their reading matter is mostly fiction, generally of the worst kind.

It has been said that it is the empty wagon that rattles worst. This is true of all people. When a few empty skulled persons get together there is no limit to their conversation, i. e. to the amount of it. They talk for hours, and yet they say nothing.

Another branch of this class of people, probably the worst, is that to which belong the loafers and bums which block the streets of every town and city. It is not necessary to describe them here, as everyone is acquainted with them. They are too common to be unknown.

We have considered briefly three branches of The Brotherhood of the Empty Skull: those who are active business men, those who figure in society, and those who have nothing to do but idle their time away on the sidewalks or in the stores. Out of these come the worst characters we have to deal with. They furnish nearly all the material for the crimes of the country; swindlers, counterfeiters and fakers almost invariably spring from this class. When we look for good points among them we seldom find them. The name which we have applied to them is surely very appropriate.

R. W. L. '10.

#### Lament for Duncan.

Oh for action on the thought  
Which troubled sleep upon me brought.  
If I had only entered in  
And kept the treacherous one from sin,  
Another soul on earth would be,  
And by its light we all might see  
Things that are just and right.  
O murky hag which I did see—



The one which talked with him and me —  
 You trifled with the heart of sin  
 And led its false ambition in.  
 Did you not know the thoughts that in him  
     burned,  
 Which through their mastery his soul o'er-  
     turned,  
 And in the deepest shades of reeling night  
 Gave leave to Duncan's soul to take its flight?  
 Yet why should I give way to grief and tears  
 While life and health upon me is bestowed?  
 I'll see that right is done in future years,  
 And Duncan shall have justice, this I've vowed.  
                     C. C. CALKINS '12.

### An Indian Story.

It was at sunrise one May day in the dawn of the nineteenth century that a band of settlers embarked in the sail boat Good Hope, bound for New York, for new homes in the territory which was then the frontier of Pennsylvania.

Among the passengers aboard was a man, perhaps thirty years of age, tall, stalwart, muscular. His dark wavy hair matched well his frank black eyes which bespoke a spirit hopeful and persevering. By his side was his wife, a woman a few years his junior, holding in her arms a plump little child upon whom she was wont to fix her fond blue eyes as only a mother can. Leaning over the railing, watching the greenish blue waves dashed into foam by the prow of the boat was their little boy of eight years. John and Mary Carter with their children Alice and Clarence were enroute for that fertile land in the interior of Pennsylvania.

For nearly a week the Good Hope sailed along the Atlantic coast until she reached the Chesapeake bay, then for nearly two weeks up the Susquehannah river until they came to a place very suitable for building their homes and cultivating farms. The place selected was completely covered with pines and hemlocks but the ground was elevated from the bank of the river and sloped upward toward a large hill several miles away. The soil was tested and found to be most fertile.

The boat returned down the river and the settlers set to work cutting down trees and hewing them into shape for log cabins.

The clearings grew larger and larger and where once grew the dense forest now were gardens of cabbage, lettuce and corn. There were numerous bands of Indians which inhabited the country, but these were very friendly toward the settlers and regarded them with curious interest.

With the passing of the years the number of inhabitants in the little settlement increased rapidly. Clarence was now a husky lad of thirteen, able to assist his father much by working in the garden or clearing the forests. Alice was only seven, but her merry laughter and playful disposition was a source of great cheerfulness to her parents.

One day when their little community seemed most propitious, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky there came the horrible blood-curdling yells of the savage—the summons to a cold blooded, merciless massacre.

In vain was every attempt at defense. The tomahawk was sunk into their skulls before the men could prime their weapons. The women, some fainting, some pleading for mercy, met the same fate, only sometimes with added horrors of seeing the brains of their infant

children dashed out as the savage axe descended upon them.

It happened that Clarence and his little sister were picking flowers that day in a meadow some distance from the house. To those who escaped and hid in the woods the fate of the two children was not known, and could not be ascertained. Those who escaped—ten in number—worked their way continuously toward the south and east, and finally by aid of a friendly tribe of Indians, reached Philadelphia. Among these were John and Mary Carter, sad and disheartened because of the loss of their children.

Years passed by during which the search for information concerning Alice and Clarence did not cease. But all was in vain. They probably had been killed before the village had been destroyed.

Just twelve years after that fatal day, John and Mary, now gray haired because of their sorrow, were walking down the street in a little town in New Jersey. Seeing a band of Indians who had come to town to trade, they stopped them and told their story, as they had done so many times before. Here at last they found a clew. An old wrinkled Indian who had taken part in that fight told them the children had been taken captive by the chief who had a particular fondness for white children, but had been since captured by a tribe in Delaware.

The parents at once with renewed hope went to the Indian camp in the western part of that state. There before a wigwam sitting around the fire was a number of the Indians, and among them was one less dark than the rest whom the rejoicing parents recognized, by the likeness to his father, to be their long lost son.

With unfeigned delight the young man embraced

them and led the way to the tent of his sister.

She was seated on a rug in a dark wigwam holding a little papoose. She listened to the story with much interest, and was glad to see her parents. But she loved her Indian husband, loved the little copper colored babe and could not be persuaded to leave the environments in which she had lived so long.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter returned to their home in Philadelphia with their son, happy in the knowledge of the life of their children, yet sad for the continued loss of their living daughter.

E. A. HADLOCK. '09.

### Basket Ball.

#### MCMINNVILLE VS. P. C.

On Friday evening, Feb, the 26th, P. C. met Mc-Minnville on the home floor and played an aggressive game throughout. Although it was not a brilliant game it was a hard fought game on both sides. The lineup of the teams was:

P. C.		MCMINNVILLE
Hammer	f	Foster
Gause	f	Bibbins
Hadlock	c	McKee
Lewis	g	Miller
Smith	g	McCabe

Ford of Dallas refereed.

The students gave a reception in honor of the two teams after the game.

We have been greatly put out during our most important games on account of Mills being out of the game with a bad shoulder. We had a fast, well bal-



anced team before he got hurt. He played in the Philomath games and will play in the Y. M. C. A. game the 27th.

The score was 18 to 19 in favor of McMinnville.

#### PHILOMATH VS. P. C.

On Saturday evening, March 13, after attending the oratorical contest at Corvallis and banqueting until 3 a. m. the basket ball team from P. C. went to Philomath to play and be defeated in a game which could not be named. There were no side lines and the big huskies of Philomath could heave the Quakers against the wall or to the floor with ease. It was rough, and fouls were the feature of the game.

At the end of the game the score stood 43 to 21 in favor of Philomath.

#### THE GAME AT P. C.

On the following Friday, the 19th of March, Philomath again met the Newberg team. This time the game was better and the P. C. boys won by a score of 22 to 19. Philomath again had the referee and although the players played a fair game and tried to make a good game of it the referee was not entirely satisfactory. Good feeling existed throughout the game and both teams fought a good fight. The Quaker lads had shot after shot at the basket but failed to cage them as they should. There were thirteen fouls called on P. C. of which three were thrown successfully. Hammer succeeded in making five good shots out of the eight tries from the foul line.

C. L. '12

## THE CRESCENT.

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RUSSELL W. LEWIS, '10, Editor-in-Chief.  
HARVEY A. WRIGHT, '10, Associate Editor.

ROY O. FITCH, '10

FLORENCE REES, '12

MARTIN JOHNSON, '12

} Locals

VICTOR REES, '12 Exchanges.

Y. W. C. A., EULA HODSON, '09

Y. M. C. A., HARVEY WRIGHT, '10.

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With this issue of The Crescent the present editoria staff retire to give place to the new staff which will be elected at the annual student body election at the beginning of the spring term. To those who have given their support to The Crescent during the past year we extend our heartfelt thanks. The suggestions and criticisms of our exchanges we appreciate, for we know they have been given with a view of helping us. We only regret that financial conditions have prevented our carrying out these suggestions to a great extent. To the future editors, business managers and assistants we promise our hearty support.

Much interest should center about the coming student body election, when officers of the student body,



and The Crescent staff will be elected. These are important offices, and should not be filled by officers chosen indiscreetly. The elections of the other associations should also be seriously considered before election day.

We have heard much of neglected chances and resources. When there is a need and still the resources are being left undeveloped we, who feel the need, cannot but regret it the more. At present our laboratory space is inadequate and is taken up with other classes much of the time. We fear that through the inadequate room many students will be driven from our school. All this seems the more inexcusable when with but little expense an excellent chemical laboratory could be fitted up in the south end of the basement. We hope that this matter will be soon taken in hand.

### Locals

"When the chapel is full of smoke,  
And our eyes are full of tears,  
We feel sorry for the kids  
Who come here in future years."

Miss Esther Cook gave us an excellent chapel talk on Feb. 15.

The preparatory students have added Kenneth Hanson to their number.

What happened at the debate will be found in another place, but ask Erma and Lillian if the Mac boys are not polite.

### THE DICKENS AGAIN.

Prof. Reagan—"Dickens makes a great many breaks in his literature—but that is the Dickens of it, isn't it?"

With a derby hat, a large suit case and a dignified air Roy Mills stepped into a store in Corvallis. He waited for some time and no one came to wait on him. He knew not why but after a time the proprietor came up and asked if he would have anything. Roy explained what he wished. "O, I beg your pardon," says the man, "I thought you were a drummer." Next time, Roy, leave the derby and dignified air at home.

Ask the Sherwood delegation if they enjoy the presence of the S. P. detective on the train.

Nathan defines a cowslip as a jersey on an ice pond.

Overheard—"If Claude Newlin had a green hat he would be the greenest thing out."

Ask Hadlock if all hotels have beds behind the piano in the parlor.

Confession is good for the soul: Says Olin: "I am an error of nature."

On Saturday evening, March 20, an excellent pupils' recital was given in the college chapel. Another musical entertainment of much value will be the song recital to be given by Prof. Alexander Hull on Friday evening, March 26, at the college chapel.

Misses Ola and Lucy Mills were chapel visitors on Wednesday, March 17.

In an interesting and instructive talk on the adaptability of the English language to being sung, Prof. Hull recently defended our mother tongue against the prevalent attacks of a few would-be famous artists.

He says that with our abundance of folk-lore, dramatic, lyric, and epic poetry, besides our freedom from the gutturals and nasals of the German and French, our language would easily rank first as a language for musical composition. To be sure, we shall yet long be handicapped by our scarcity of first class artists, and the extreme difficulty of translating songs into English.

### Exchanges

The excellent girls glee club of Friends University, whose picture appeared in *University Life* for Feb. 25, is indicative of a strong, aggressive school spirit. F. U. was lately the recipient of thirty-eight casts from original Babylonian specimens. These were obtained through kindness of the Board of the department of Archeology of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Review for March has an excellent story entitled "The Girl in Brown."

The Norton County High School Quill is one of our best high school exchanges. Its diversity of material gives it a wide interest.

It always speaks well of a college when their paper contains alumni notes in each issue. The Earhamite speaks eloquently on this by giving a full page of alumni notes twice a month.

We are glad to welcome the Willamette Collegian again this month.

The University Courier, of the University of Southern California, is one of our best weekly exchanges.

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